

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD IN ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES

BY VICTOR BRIDGES
The Story of an Adventurer Who Risks Almost
Certain Death by "Swapping Identities" for \$50,000

Will Begin Monday

the city and the Government dock, so-called, has been converted into a morgue. High piles of coffins await the dead.

PLANS MADE TO IDENTIFY THE DEAD.

They will be arranged in rows, together with any scant belongings they possessed, to facilitate their identification. A few were identified at Rimouski to-day, but it will be long, slow work. Among those whose identification was thought to be correct was a Mrs. Gallagher of Winnipeg. Her son identified the body. There was a Gallagher, sex un stated, mentioned yesterday in the first-cabin survivors.

Another body was thought to be that of Albert Anderson, a first cabin passenger, Montreal to London. Other identifications supposed to be correct were Mrs. P. Plack of Gravenhurst, Ont., not mentioned in the passenger list, and the body of a man, a Mr. Taylor. There was a J. T. Taylor mentioned among the first cabin missing.

There is among the dead the body of a well dressed woman on whose fingers there are diamonds. Beside her lay the body of one of the Empress stewards. Many of the bodies are cut and bruised, some as if with a knife. There are many women and many children. On the man Taylor's body was a belt holding \$2,000.

Some wore lifebelts when picked up and of these many had died with their arms extended above their heads. A mother, who held the body of her dead child to her breast, wore a gold chain bearing a gold cross.

Survivors arriving here and at Montreal all agree on the outstanding points of the disaster. It was so quick that there was no time for intelligent, concerted action. Hundreds of women, it is said, might have been saved had they not stopped to dress.

Though the crew members predominated in the saved, no word of reproach for them has been heard. It was pointed out that many were on deck, on duty, and that those who leaped after helping such passengers as they could were able to swim. Most of the first and second cabin passengers were caught in their beds by the rush of water.

Although Capt. Kendall of the Empress of Ireland has not made a report, the stories of survivors indicate that the disaster would have been minimized had not the Storstad, right after the collision, backed away from the Empress. If the bow of the Storstad had been held firm in the gash torn on the side of the liner it is probable the latter vessel would have remained afloat until the arrival of the government tenders.

According to the latest stories of the wreck, including piecemeal statements from Capt. Kendall, there was not much of a fog on the water, but the weather was hazy. The Empress had just dropped the pilot at Father Point, and Capt. Kendall was still on the bridge, heading his vessel for the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when the lights of the Storstad were seen to the eastward, some distance away.

COLLIER GAVE AN ANSWERING SIGNAL.

The Empress of Ireland sounded a signal to the collier, which replied. The signal indicated the course both vessels should take in passing.

The Storstad did not change her course, it appears. Capt. Kendall, seeing that the collier was getting close, stopped the engines of the Empress of Ireland, but she drifted. The engines were then ordered reversed. Straight for the liner came the Storstad. Not until the collier was almost within a ship's length did there appear to be any attempt to change her course.

She struck the Empress obliquely on the port side amidships and her prow scraped clear back to the stern, tearing out about half the port side of the ship. Capt. Kendall, from the bridge, megaphoned to the collier asking that the engines of that vessel be kept at full speed ahead in order that the hole in the Empress might remain partially plugged and the bulk of the collier might sustain the wounded vessel.

But the engines of the Storstad were backed, instead, and she fell away. Immediately the Empress began to fill and list and Capt. Kendall and his officers saw that their boat was doomed to go down in a few minutes.

CAPT. KENDALL'S ORDERS FROM BRIDGE.

Capt. Kendall called from the bridge: "Keep cool there; don't get excited. Hurry up. There's no time to lose. Send the stewards through the corridors. If the doors are locked break them in. Get the people out. Women and children first."

An attempt was made to carry out the captain's orders, but the ship below was filling with water. On the port side water gushed in through the portholes as the vessel careened in that direction.

There was very little noise and no panic of any moment except among the stateroom passengers. It all happened so quickly that the victims were in a daze. Hundreds of those on board did not feel or hear the collision and were asleep in their berths when the water rushed in and overwhelmed them.

Canadian officials and leading men of the Dominion insist that a most rigid investigation of the tragedy be made. There have been opinions expressed that the hull of the Empress of Ireland, which was ripped open lengthwise when the Storstad cut her alongside in the fog, was a mere shell. The structure of the fated liner will be the subject of detailed inquiry.

But the three main points of the coroner's inquest and of any subsequent official investigations probably will be:

First, how the accident happened at all, as the officers and other survivors of the Empress of Ireland assert positively she was almost at a standstill, sounding her fog horn at brief intervals. The Storstad is said to have been making her way up the channel at a pretty swift pace when she hit and dealt a death blow to the liner.

The second point of inquiry is likely to be why Capt. Anderson of the collier did not follow the instructions and pleadings, megaphoned from the Empress of Ireland's bridge by Capt. H. G. Kendall, to keep her propellers going and hold fast to the Ireland, thus shutting out the water from the gash in the big ship's side.

CAPTAIN OF THE STORSTAD MUST EXPLAIN.

Instead of doing as Capt. Kendall cried out should be done, the Storstad is said to have eased away, unstopping the rent in the liner and letting the water pour in with such rapidity that the boilers exploded, killing many persons.

The third probable chief point of inquiry will be why the Storstad, though she was battered badly, did not rescue more than she did of those from the Empress of Ireland.

A fairly accurate story of the tragedy has now been gathered from survivors, only a few of whom are, however, in a condition to converse about their experiences at any length. The one fact that looms large in the disaster is the amazing, almost unthinkable, rapidity with which the Empress of Ireland went down after she was struck. It was only fourteen minutes from the time the other vessel hit her until she went down.

The version of J. McWilliams, the Montreal operator at Father Point, of the disaster paralleled only by the Titanic horror, is as follows:

"When the Empress left her pilot at Father Point at 1:30 this morning the weather was clear, but there came a fog, and at 1:50 I was awakened by the S. O. S. signal sounding from my receiving apparatus above my bed-room. I picked up the Empress's call for help and got in touch with her, but could not get much from her signals, which stopped suddenly a few seconds later. I got the news and I flashed the danger signals over to the Government boats Lady Evelyn and Marinka. The latter rushed first to the scene only a few miles away, the Lady Evelyn followed closely in her wake.

The day broke shortly after, and I could see from the Montreal station across with a glass the two Government steamers scouring the sea not far off, together with a coal-carrying steamer and lifeboats. My sign of the Empress was visible on the horizon. I knew that the St. Lawrence had the Titanic. About 8 o'clock the Evelyn came back to her moorings at Father Point, carrying thirty-two survivors and a number of corpses, and the Lady Evelyn was seen on her way to Rimouski with survivors and corpses also.

"Both wireless operators on the last boat were rescued from the sea, as was also her captain. Capt. Kendall was found clutching a bit of wreckage. He frantically declared he would sooner have gone down with his ship."

KING GEORGE SENDS MESSAGE OF SORROW TO SHIP'S MANAGERS.

LONDON, May 30.—The British public, which went home last night believing that most of the passengers on the Empress of Ireland had survived the disaster, is the St. Lawrence, was shocked beyond measure this morning when it learned that the loss of life exceeded 1,000 and that many of the victims were from the United Kingdom.

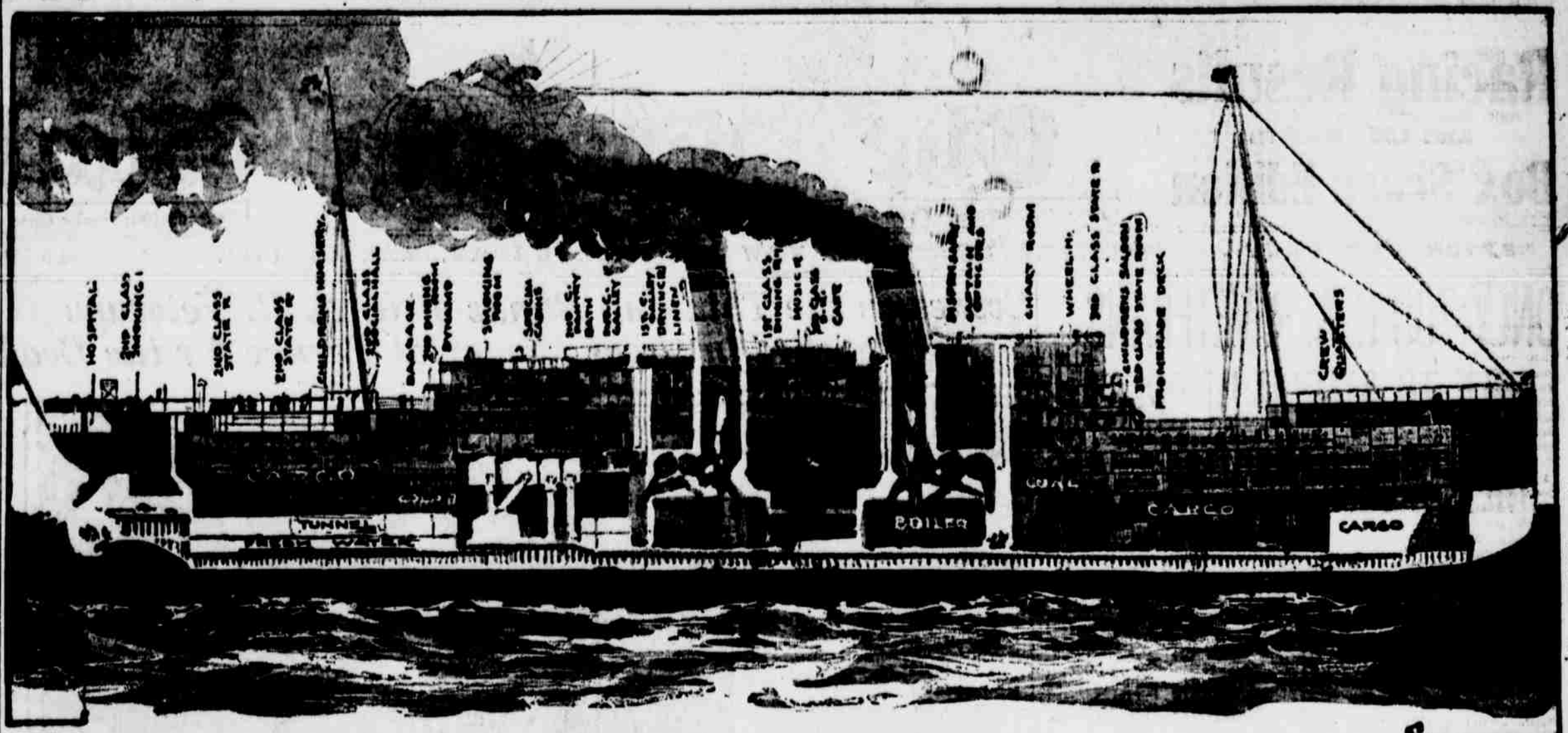
King George early in the morning sent a messenger to the European manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway expressing his sorrow and regret at the disaster and the great loss of life.

John Burns, President of the London and Liverpool offices of the company and anxiously scanned the lists of the rescued.

There were many pitiable scenes when women and men who had waited throughout the night in the hope of hearing that friends or relatives were safe could not find their names on the lists and turned away in despair only to return when further bulletins were posted.

A number of passengers who had booked on transatlantic steamers sailing to-day cancelled their trips at the last moment as the result of the accident.

BROADSIDE SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE SUNKEN EMPRESS OF IRELAND



NO COFFINS OR SHROUDS FOR SCORES OF THE DEAD

Harrowing Sight at Rimouski, Where Bodies of Wreck Victims Were Placed Under Pier Sheds With Scanty Covering.

RIMOUSKI, Quebec, May 30.—Stretched out so close together in the pier sheds that it was impossible to walk among them without touching the prostrate forms, lay the bodies of 220 victims of the Empress of Ireland catastrophe early to-day. Not since the Mackay-Bennett brought the bodies of Titanic victims into Halifax has a similar sight been witnessed.

Some of the bodies were in coffins, but most of them were laid out on the floor of the sheds. A few of them were covered with clean linen shrouds, but most were just as they were taken from the cold river, wrapped partially in the few scant garments with which they escaped from the ship.

One of the most astounding features of the terrible sight was the fact that many stared open-eyed in death. Most of the faces bore a puzzled rather than a frightened expression. Some gave evidence of the horror they had gazed upon, but in general it seemed that death must have come so suddenly that there was little time for fear. It was as if most of them had gone to their death wide awake, amazed and wondering what had happened. There were many children also and long rows of men.

ONLY A FEW DOZEN CASSETS AVAILABLE.

There had been a great demand for coffins, but as Rimouski is not accustomed to answer such an awful demand, a few dozen caskets only were available.

Many of the bodies were cut and bruised. There were curious wounds as though some one had used a knife. This indicated that many had been knocked about when the big ship was ripped apart. Many of the bodies were found with their hands stretched high above the heads, as though the poor unfortunates had made a last appeal to Heaven.

Leaving this terrible place and reaching the free open air again one was confronted with piles of caskets from Quebec. Along the road between the wharf and the city, a distance of three miles, there were many wagons to be met, each conveying a body or two. Very few of the bodies have been identified.

One that lies in the pier shed is thought to be Albert Anderson of Montreal. That of a woman is supposed to be Mrs. P. Plack of Gravenhurst. One was identified as Mrs. Gallagher of Winnipeg. Another was identified as Miss or Mrs. Morris of Toronto. One body, who had apparently tried to save his eleven-year-old boy, was identified as Mr. Taylor of Fort Williams. On his body was a belt containing \$2,000.

There were many foreigners among the victims, and many of the crew. Many of the bodies were life-belts. It was evident that they had been caught in the vortex when the great ship sank.

F. Crathen of Montreal had hurried here in the hope of finding his sister, Miss Waneta Crathen, who had sailed on the Empress. He soon learned that his sister was not among those saved, and he went to the pier last night to look at the bodies there. Attracted by a body, he stopped to look at it, but in the dim light could not see.

"Do you think it is your sister?" asked a friend who accompanied him.

"I am afraid so," he answered.

The friend stooped down, struck a match, and as the light showed on the cold face, Mr. Crathen said, "It is my sister."

Mr. Peck, who accompanied Mr. Crathen from Montreal seeking his sister, was joyed to find that she had been saved. She had boarded the special train and set out for Levis, passing Mr. Peck on the way.

William Davis of Toronto is among those picked up, but his wife was lost. Mr. Davis identified the body at the pier.

Rimouski is stunned. Flags are at half mast and there are signs of mourning, as though many of the townpeople had gone down with the stricken Empress.

Government Board, was one of the first callers at the London offices of the company to ask for the latest news.

The Lord Mayor of London, upon learning of the extent of the disaster, decided to open a fund toward the relief of the widows and orphans as well as the dependents of those of the passengers and crew who had been lost.

Great crowds besieged the London and Liverpool offices of the company and anxiously scanned the lists of the rescued.

There were many pitiable scenes when women and men who had waited throughout the night in the hope of hearing that friends or relatives were safe could not find their names on the lists and turned away in despair only to return when further bulletins were posted.

A number of passengers who had booked on transatlantic steamers sailing to-day cancelled their trips at the last moment as the result of the accident.

LAURENCE IRVING AND SETON-KARR DIED AS HEROES

Actor Perished Trying to Save Wife, Lawyer Gave Life Belt to Another.

(Special to The Evening World.)

QUEBEC, May 30.—An eyewitness of the death of Laurence Irving says the celebrated actor and dramatist lost his life in a heroic effort to save his wife, whose stage name was Mabel Hackney. The man who saw the Irvings perish was F. E. Abbott of Toronto. He was the last person now living who spoke to them.

This is the story told to-day by Mr. Abbott:

"I met Mr. Irving first in the passageway and he said calmly, 'Is the boat going down?' I said that it looked like it.

"Dearie," Irving then said to his wife, 'hurry, there is no time to lose.'"

"Mrs. Irving then began to cry, and as the actor reached for a life belt the boat suddenly lurched forward and he was thrown against the door of his cabin. His face was bloody and Mrs. Irving became frantic.

"Keep cool," he warned her, but she persisted in holding her arms around him. He forced the life belt over her head and pushed her out of the door. He then practically carried her upstairs. I said, 'Can I help you?' And Irving said, 'Look after yourself first, old man, but God bless you all the same!'

"I left them struggling and made my way to the deck. I jumped and caught a piece of floating timber. Clutching that tightly, I looked back. Then the ship went down and I saw Irving and his wife go with it, clasped in each other's arms."

M. D. A. Darling of Shanghai has saved the lifebelt that might have saved Sir Henry Beton-Karr. Darling said to-day:

"My cabin was opposite Sir Henry's, and when I opened my door he opened his and we bumped into each other in the passageway. He had a lifebelt in his hand and I was empty handed. Sir Henry offered me the lifebelt and I refused it.

"He said, 'Go on, man, take it or I will try to get another man.' I told him to rush out himself and save his own life while I looked after myself.

"Sir Henry then got angry and actually forced the lifebelt over me. Then he pushed me along the corridor. I never saw him after that. He went back to his cabin and I believe he never came out again, because the ship disappeared a few minutes later.

"I owe the fact that I am alive to Sir Henry, and while I believe he lost his life because he wanted to give me the lifebelt, I am certain that he would have given it to some one else."

From One Village, Lost in Wreck. HOUSTON, Minn., May 30.—Eight from this little village of 300 population, including several of its business men, were lost on the Empress of Ireland. A telegram from the company's office at Montreal says they took the steamer and their names are not in the list of saved.

The Houston victims are Andrew Carlson, Ulf Johnson, John Gustafson, Mrs. Alvin Carlson and four children.

BRAVERY OF CAPTAIN KENDALL IS PRAISED BY WRECK SURVIVORS

(Continued from First Page.)

ing badly and the passengers had to cling to the rail to keep from going over the sides. Fewer jumped.

"I went down and down until I thought my lungs would burst," he said. "Bodies bumped into me. Once a man threw his arms around me and I had to fight to break his grip."

Grace Hannagan, a child whose parents perished, was saved as if by a miracle. She does not know to-day that they are dead, thinking that they are coming on a later train. The child was swept overboard.

"I went down deep," she said to-day. "Then I hung on to a black rope. When I came up after a long time I looked around and I saw a light in front of me. When I looked a second time I saw my mamma and papa. They were swimming. They are not on the train now; they are coming on the next one."

"I went down some more times, then a man put up a board to me and yelled to 'grab.' Then the man helped me to get in his boat by holding the board under my arm."

Miss Eva Bales, one of the Toronto Salvation Army girls, cannot swim a stroke, but somehow managed to keep afloat. Mrs. Atwell, who has the orphaned Hannagan child in charge, said:

"We were in our berths when the shock came. My husband did not hear it, but I roused him and we hastily put on life preservers and made our way to the deck."

"Men and women were already in the water, bumping against the boat's side like logs. My husband and I clasped arms and jumped into the water together. We caught sight of

a boat near the ship and as I am a good swimmer we made our way to it. We were picked up by the crew of the Storstad and transferred to the Lady Evelyn."

Resident survivors not in the Salvation Army who arrived here include Messrs. Kent, Ferguson, Duncan, Weintrauch and Miss Grace Kohl. Those from Toronto included Mrs. O'Hara, Miss O'Hara, Miss Lee, Dr. Hunt and Thomas Smart.

CAPT. KENDALL SAID A FOG WAS COMING.

Smart says he believes he was the last passenger to speak to Capt. Kendall.

"I was sitting out on the upper deck," he said, "when the captain walked past about half past one o'clock and said: 'It is a nice night, but it looks to me as though a fog is coming. You never know how soon a fog will drop on you at this part of the river.'"

When the crash came, Smart says, he saw Capt. Kendall on the bridge. He was holding onto the rail, shouting orders to the crew, leaning over and waving his hands. "Keep your heads there," he heard the Captain say, "and don't get excited."

When a boat dropped sideways into the water," said Smart, "the Captain seemed to realize that the liner was lost, for he shouted: 'Hurry up, there, everybody. There is not a minute to lose. Get the stewards through the corridors. If there are doors locked, break them in. Get the people out and don't forget that the women and children must come first.'"

"He spoke through a megaphone," said Smart, "but there was so much screaming and moaning that his voice was drowned. But he stuck to the very last."

"When I got into the Lady Evelyn I saw him stretched there and they were giving him some brandy. When

he was able to speak he looked around and asked: 'Where's the ship?' A passenger who looked like a doctor told him: the boat had gone. On hearing this Capt. Kendall buried his face in a piece of tarpaulin and cried as though his heart would break."

BROOKLYN MAN ENDS HIS LIFE IN NEWARK

Was Despondent Because He Thought His Wife Would Not Return.

A man, neatly dressed, about twenty-five years old, cut his throat to-day while at the corner of New Jersey Railroad avenue and Green street, Newark, N. J., and died at once.

The razor he used dropped among thousands of tiny scraps of paper, none more than a sixteenth of an inch square, into which he had torn two letters which were written in German. A card of Dr. W. F. Roberts of No. 2189 Clarendon road, Brooklyn, was found in his pocket.

Dr. Roberts was communicated with by telephone and said he thought the man was George F. Smith, a plumber, of No. 1135 Rodgers avenue, Brooklyn. Dr. Roberts said the young man came on him yesterday and seemed despondent. He said his wife was in Europe and he did not think two days before he had received a letter in which she talked of her early return.

HENS HATCH AT SEA.

Two of Them, with Fourteen Eggs, Were on the Baltic.

Officers of the White Star steamship Baltic, on her arrival from Liverpool, announced that the liner brought across two setting hens, each with fourteen eggs.

This is said to be the first attempt to hatch out chickens at sea.

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